

**HOW**

"THE hair is in waves and luxuriant—rich and silky—dark with tints of red—in rippling bands—abundant and of a rich yellow brown—black as midnight—smooth as glass—reaching to her feet—falling to her waist—a burden for her young shoulders—"

I quote from the paragraphists who have seen it—well, variously.

The hair belongs to one head. That head is Cleo de Merode's, corymb of the ballet at the Paris Opera and just now a star at Koster & Bial's.


The sunlight streamed in upon it the other morning. I'd have sworn it was red. Later I saw it in the dull dinginess of the unlighted theatre—black as the raven of poetry.

If it ripples and it glistens, it is smooth as an unruffled lake, it is as heavy as satin and it lies upon her head as down upon a thistle.

Her temporary bonds are on the second floor of the Hotel Imperial. She had been up an hour and was on the floor in the midst of some boxes of candy and fruits that had just arrived from La Belle France. "Pretty—est-ce pas?" she cried as I entered.

She was in a much-battered silk skirt, little black satin slippers and a lavender silk blouse. And her hair with its red-well her hair was hanging down her back.

I looked about for the coiffeuse. I expected to see appear some important personage who would shake out mysterious liquids and powders, warranted to produce instantaneous and lasting effects.



**Mlle. Cleo**

I saw only Mlle. de Merode, fresh, young, joyous as the early morning, and her mother admiring, solicitous, deeply interested.

Imagine her with a retinue consisting solely of ma mere, English for mother.

"Who ran to help me when I fell? Who kissed the place to make it well? My Mother."

I murmured the old nursery rhyme gently to myself and then I asked timidly: "Who takes care of it?"

"My mother," said Mlle. Cleo, simply.

"Oh, my mother is my maid, my companion, my all. We are always together, here and in Paris."

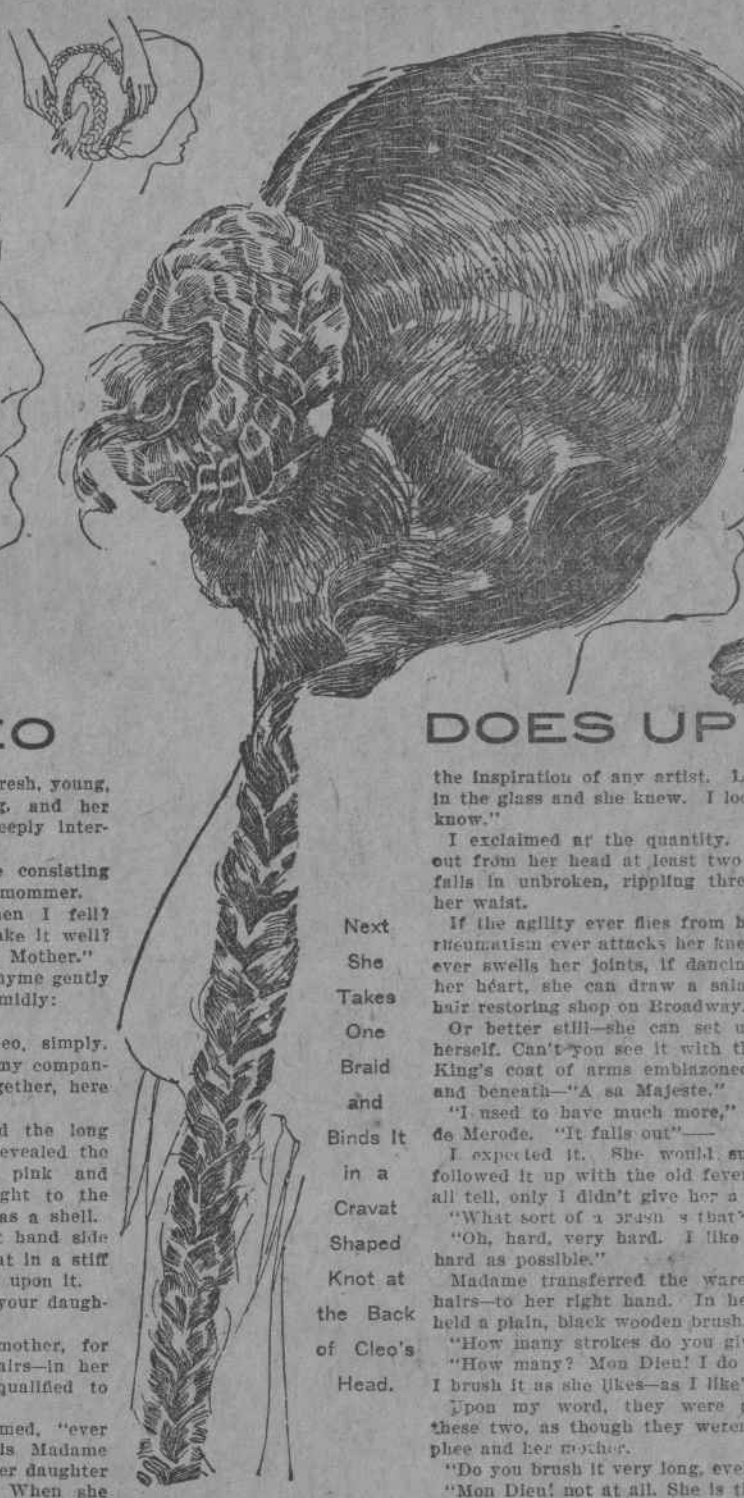
Madame de Merode gathered the long tresses up in her hands and revealed the delicate and much-maligned pink and white ears. They are set tight to the head, they are small and fine as a shell.

The mirror was at the right hand side of the room. Mlle. de Merode sat in a stiff cane chair and turned her back upon it.

"How long have you dressed your daughter's hair in this manner?"

I addressed myself to the mother, for she had the wares—I mean hairs—in her hand, and somehow seemed qualified to speak.

"Ah mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "ever since—ever since Lulu!"—this is Madame de Merode's boudoir name for her daughter—was thirteen or fourteen. When she was fourteen I remember pushing the bands of hair down so, and I remember that she looked to me pretty. Ah, she was always pretty! And she said 'It is easy, let me wear it so.' That was the beginning and now she sets the fashion! Oh, it was not



**DOES UP**

the inspiration of any artist. Lulu looked in the glass and she knew. I looked and I know."

I exclaimed at the quantity. It stands out from her head at least two inches, it falls in unbroken, rippling threads below her waist.

If the agility ever flies from her toes, if rheumatism ever attacks her knees, if gout ever swells her joints, if dancing agitates her heart, she can draw a salary in any hair restoring shop on Broadway.

Or better still—she can set up one for herself. Can't you see it with the Begian King's coat of arms emblazoned above it and beneath—"A sa Majeste."

"I used to have much more," said Mlle. de Merode. "It falls out."

I expected it. She would surely have followed it up with the old story we all tell, only I didn't give her a chance.

"What sort of a reason is that?" I asked. "Oh, hard, very hard. I like it just as hard as possible."

Madame transferred the wares—I mean hairs—to her right hand. In her left she held a plain, black wooden brush.

"How many strokes do you give it?"


"How many? Mon Dieu! I do not know. I brush it as she likes—as I like."

Upon my word, they were as simple, these two, as though they weren't a corymb and her mother.

"Do you brush it very long, every night?"

"Mon Dieu! not at all. She is tired—I am tired. She takes out the hairpins—roll the bands fall—we go to bed. In the morning we are refreshed. We fix it again, and then we use the brush."

"But for the gloss—the glorious, glossy, lake-like surface?"



**HER HAIR.**

"Hain? Tlens?" said Mlle. de Merode. "What do you put on it?"

"Mon Dieu. Nothing. I have nothing—sometimes a little vinaigre. How you call it? Cologne? Perfume, never—that would spoil it."

"You wash it often?"

"Very seldom—very seldom," said Madame. "Non—non—non—that would break it. The scalp, yes. I brush it. I keep it clean. With what? With bay rum. But the hair—no, never. I put nothing on it—nothing. And the hair she has had it always—only more."

I leaned back a moment and watched the proceedings.

Madame in mere had parted her daughter's hair from the tip of her forehead in one unbroken line to the nape of her neck. She brushed it into bands on either side, and then made two long, smooth braids.

Then she wound in opposite directions into one soft coil with the naturally curly ends just peeping out in the middle.

"Coiffeuses in Paris, hairdressers, you know, have come to learn how. It seems so simple, and yet they say it is difficult. Is it?"

It was arranged now. And the ripples, rich and silky, dark, with tints of red—smooth as glass, luxuriantly waving—you know the rest!

"The secret?"

"There is none—unless—have you a mother?"

I left de Merode's boudoir gently murmuring:

"Who ran to help me when I fell? Who kissed the place to make it well? My Mother."

ACT 1.

ACT 2.

ACT 3.

ACT 4.

## WAS DRIVEN TO SUICIDE FOR

Lieut. Von Hahnke, of the German Navy, Insulted by Emperor William, Resented It With a Blow.

BERLIN, Sept. 17.—For blacking Emperor William's eye, young Lieutenant Von Hahnke, of the German navy, disgraced in the eyes of all his fellow-officers, has committed suicide, and one more scandal is added to the already long list of those which have made Wilhelm's reign the most notorious in German history.

This is not the first time that the Emperor has caused the suicide of a German officer. When he was still Prince William he had a violent quarrel with the Lieutenant of a regiment quartered in Potsdam.

Furious with anger, the Prince struck the officer. The latter could not retaliate in kind, but sent a challenge. The Prince refused to fight on the plea of inequality of rank and the officer shot himself.

The story of the Von Hahnke episode is one of studied concealment on the part of the official chroniclers of court news. The black eye of His Majesty, so it is given out, was merely the result of the bursting of a cable with which he came in contact. Von Hahnke, so they have told us, is dead, sure enough, but the poor fellow tumbled off his wheel heading over a cliff, and they produced a bicycle at the top of the cliff to give plausibility to the yarn.

The Kaiser received his black eye on board his yacht, the Hohenzollern, while voyaging through the Norwegian fjords last July. Soon after it was announced that one of his adjutants, Lieutenant Von Hahnke, was mysteriously killed. The official papers at the time had their explanations ready: "The Emperor was struck by the end of a cable snapping in two," and "Hahnke lost his balance while bicycling on the edge of a torrent and was drowned."

The latter story received a number of elaborations during the following weeks. "The Emperor was deeply affected by his young friend's misfortune," wrote the Imperial Gazette. "And, in order to locate the body caused a dummy figure to be dropped into the torrent where he fell. It was drawn out afterward, torn in many pieces and scarcely holding together." That appeared two weeks ago.

Lately, it has been given out that Hahnke's body has been recovered from the falls, and that, by a miracle, or something of the sort, it showed no marked disfigurement after floating among the ragged rocks for twenty days or more.

These explanations were accepted with more or less credulity in the Fatherland, for in this country, where on an average fourteen years of imprisonment is meted out week by week to editors and others found guilty of "insult to Majesty," it does not pay to be inquisitive. However, the true story of William's black eye and poor Hahnke's suicide are gradually leaking out, and incidentally one learns a thing or two about the causes that forced William to limp and grow a beard upon his return from former Northland trips.

The information comes from the officers and crew of the Hohenzollern, which is now in German waters, and partly from poor Hahnke's family and friends.

The late lieutenant's father, as is well known, is General von Hahnke, chief of the Kaiser's military cabinet, and other members of the Hahnke family hold high positions in the army and Government service.

anchoring in the neighborhood of the Landven Lake, the Kaiser came on deck while Hahnke was riding round on his bicycle, a practice which, though forbidden by the commander of the yacht, had been permitted to the younger officers on board by His Majesty himself.

"The Kaiser, on that morning, had evidently forgotten this, and when he saw Hahnke, he called out: 'Get off that wheel, Lieutenant, and report to the captain your breach of discipline. You will remain in your cabin for the next three days.'"

This rebuke was given in the presence of several officers and in front of a line of soldiers.

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy

of them."

Hahnke did as he was bidden, dismounting with the customary words, "At Your Majesty's orders." But as he ascended the bridge to report himself to the captain, His Majesty called out, imperiously: "Dare not mount those steps. They are reserved for the Kaiser. You are not worthy



The Quarrel on the Royal Yacht Hohenzollern.

## BLACKING THE KAISER'S EYE.

The Second German Officer Who Has Been Driven to Suicide Through the Emperor's Insane Caprices.

With that, he started to go below, the Emperor following. "You little upstart," cried Wilhelm, "I will have the epaulettes torn from your shoulders and your sword broken as an ungrateful and mischievous servant."

"Servant," cried Hahnke, and with that his right arm shot out and his fist landed on the Emperor's left eye. Then he threw himself upon Wilhelm's staggering form and was about to hurl him to the deck, when the witnesses of the affair grabbed him and bore him off.

The Kaiser was helped to his feet and carried to his cabin. The great war lord was indeed a sorry spectacle. His eye was bleeding and he frothed at the mouth, while crying for Hahnke's blood. He ordered a court martial to be held immediately.

Hahnke was roughly handled by his brother officers on being dragged to his cabin, but his comrades soon recovered from their first anger and held a hasty council of war, in which it was decided

that he should be put ashore at once so as to give him an opportunity to escape an ignominious death and military disgrace, for it is a capital offence in Germany to raise one's hand against royalty, let alone blacking the Emperor's eye.

So poor Hahnke, after giving up his sword to the captain and donning civilian dress, was hustled into a steam launch and landed at the shore of the lake.

"That," concluded the poor lieutenant's cousin, "was the last the officers of the Hohenzollern saw or heard of him. They had his word of honor that he would do away with himself and implicitly trusted him, expecting soon to be informed of the discovery of his body in the neighborhood."

In conclusion it may be said that the dummy story, so assiduously circulated by the official press, was invented to account if necessary for Hahnke's entire disappearance. It was thought possible that the young man might change his mind and choose to go to some foreign country under an assumed name. In that case—that is, if his body were not recovered—the theory that it had been completely undone upon the rocks and swept away by the tides was to be advanced.

When the Kaiser recovered from the shock of this extraordinary affair he was disposed to court martial the captain and his entire staff of officers for allowing the criminal to escape, but after a while he was persuaded that the course taken was the best one after all. Upon the captain's advice, Hahnke's bicycle was brought ashore during the night and thrown over the rocks at the falls. There it was discovered next day by the natives, and thus the story that the young man met with a bicycle accident gained credence.

As a matter of fact young Hahnke lived ten days after leaving the Hohenzollern, staying at a peasant's hut in the neighborhood of the lake. During that time he wrote letters to his relatives and friends, in which he told them that he had engaged himself on his word of honor to commit suicide, while guilty of no offence in the eyes of the world at large.

He must have drowned himself about the 22d or 23d of July, or shortly after that, and, to make certain his drowning, weighted his pockets with lead and also hung a piece of lead on his neck.

A similar version of the story is circulating in naval circles in Kiel, and the Kaiser's provoking attitude toward Hahnke is there characterized as his usual "midsummer madness."

"These Northland trips," said a well-known naval surgeon to the New York Journal correspondent, "are undertaken for a specific purpose. The Kaiser's physicians think his peculiar derangement, re-appearing every year in July, might be cured in a cold climate, and it has actually abated to some extent in the last few seasons. Of course, there is no way of guarding against sudden outbreaks, and the crew of the Hohenzollern is therefore made up of old and tried men, in whom perfect confidence is placed, while all the officers and members of the suite are His Majesty's personal friends. This was young Hahnke's first trip in attendance upon the Kaiser, and for some reason or other he had not been informed of what might be expected of William at any time. If he had known the facts he would have treated the insult offered him with perfect indifference, as the other officers on the Hohenzollern do—and would be able to-day."

Further inquiries developed the fact that the injury to the Kaiser's leg received on his Northland trip of 1894 was the result of a fall incurred while chasing Count Philip Eulenburg, now Ambassador to Austria, sword in hand. On that occasion he fell down the salon steps.

On another trip he was forced to let his beard grow, as for two weeks nobody dared approach him while he was suffering from "dementia of persecution." When he recovered he found that the beard suited him, and let it grow.

It is said that the Kaiser really seems deeply regret the sorry circumstances Hahnke's death. He has been more attentive and kinder to the General, the lieutenant's father, than ever, and has promised his victim's uncle on his mother's side, General of Cavalry Von Huelow, to the post of Imperial Chamberlain after Prince Koenig's retirement.

In conclusion it may be said that the dummy story, so assiduously circulated by the official press, was invented to account if necessary for Hahnke's entire disappearance. It was thought possible that the young man might change his mind and choose to go to some foreign country under an assumed name. In that case—that is, if his body were not recovered—the theory that it had been completely undone upon the rocks and swept away by the tides was to be advanced.



Lieut. Von Hahnke, Who Struck the Emperor.

Tossing His Dummy Into the Torrent.